[fic] Nothing to Lose.

• May. 9th, 2010 at 1:39 AM

Title: Nothing to Lose.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Characters/Pairings: Michael/Lucifer.
Prompt: 9. Michael/Lucifer – Healing hands.
Spoilers: General Season Five spoilers.
Word count: 671 words.
Warnings: Minor violence, kissing.
Summary: The final match between Michael and Lucifer, and Lucifer wants to talk.

Notes: Both Winchesters said yes in this AU. Run with it from there. Many thanks to **jabber_moose** encouraging me.

Written for **wordsmeetwings**.

Lightning arced through the sky, and the ring of swords sounded as archangel met archangel in combat. Michael drove his sword forward, meeting Lucifer's eyes as he fought to gain the upper-hand.

"Michael," Lucifer said, keeping his blade steady. "This is futile, don't you agree?" His voice was light, and there was a harsh sound as Michael's sword slipped and slid along his for a few bone-jarring seconds.

Michael said nothing, pulling back and flying for distance before another strike. He could see that Lucifer was on the defensive, and hadn't even moved to attack yet. He could see that Lucifer wanted to talk to him, but that wasn't how he would let this battle go.

Lucifer, his beloved brother, was to die so that there would be Paradise on earth. God had commanded it, before he had vanished. Michael was nothing if not obedient, and no, he wouldn't follow his brother down.

He hardened his heart again and dove at Lucifer, sword out, all of his strength behind the blow.

Lucifer caught it with his sword, and angled the blow away from them, and he let go of his sword to grab Michael's wrists, and they were face-to-face.

"Look at you, Michael." Lucifer said, holding onto Michael tightly. "You don't want to do this, do you?"

"You are to die," Michael said tonelessly. "God has commanded it."

"I don't want to die, and you don't want to kill me. Let's forget about God for a moment, Michael. Once I die, what will you live for?"

Lucifer's words hurt him, and Michael turned his head away.

"For the cold uncaring God who made you kill me?" Lucifer asked, voice gentle. "For the humans down there, who are ruining our beautiful Earth? For what, Michael? Tell me."

Michael didn't look at Lucifer, didn't answer him. Even his vessel had fought the arrival of his battle, simply to avoid killing his brother.

He couldn't afford to be swayed, but then one of his hands was freed and his chin was yanked around, and he was looking into the eyes of Lucifer, the Morningstar, the Devil, the Fallen Glory.

He could see the pain, the agony at their fight, the agony over every death of their brothers and sisters. He could see the ruthless will that meant that Lucifer would kill him, if he was forced to, and the faint hope that he wouldn't have to.

He could see the anger at their Father, and he could see the losses they had all suffered.

"Don't make me do this, brother," Lucifer whispered, and Michael shuddered in his grip.

He didn't want to. His Father in Heaven help him, he *didn't want to*.

"I can't let you destroy - "

"Then we'll save it. Don't kill me, and we will walk on the Earth, destroying their creations, and we will save the Earth. We'll work *together* to create our own Paradise, brother."

Michael flinched. It was too tempting, too much of what he wanted. "Let go of me."

"Direct intervention in their affairs, for the betterment of our situation. I can put up with them for your sake."

Lucifer's words were sweet, too sweet, and Michael let go of his sword. He watched it fall and he closed his eyes, knowing he would soon follow.

"No more death...not by our hands."

Lucifer's breath smelled sweet, and his hands were on Michael's chin, and then they were kissing.

It was chaste for a moment, and then Lucifer deepened the kiss as Michael moaned, giving up. He kissed back, no longer fighting, and Lucifer was licking at his mouth, licking his tongue, and Michael wanted *more.*

"No more death. I promise." Lucifer said when they broke apart, and Michael took his hand.

He was risking everything. He was risking nothing, for the other choice was a life without his beloved brother. Michael pulled Lucifer into another kiss, and prayed for forgiveness.

Perhaps the sign he was hoping for arrived, as the storm-clouds broke and sunlight poured in.